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01x15 - The Ties That Bind

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **04/13/01 13:26**

[Open on Justin in the shower. Brian's shower. Justin stayed over at Brian's. Justin walks out into the bedroom area and peers into the living room. Lindsay's all dressed up, twittering about, giving Brian directions about taking care of Gus. Gus is placidly lying in Brian's arms, drinking from a bottle.]

Lindsay: So, he takes a nap around eleven and another one at three.

Justin: Lucky him.

Lindsay: Here are all the emergency numbers. Oh, if you wanna take him outside don't forget his little beanie cap. He looks so adorable.

Justin: Does somebody see my other shoe?

Brian: Oh, is that what I'm sitting on? I knew it wasn't one of my usual rubber toys.

Lindsay: Brian, are you listening to me?

Brian: Yeah, feeding time, nap time, beanie hat, I got it. So, he'll be fine, Lindsay.

Lindsay: I know he will be and appreciate you're doin' this in such you don't noticed. But I have to go back to work, I have to attend this damn teachers conference.

Brian: Well, maybe you meet a nice lady P.E. teacher.

Justin: Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on him, too.

Brian: I don't need you to keep an eye on him.

Justin: I meant you.

Brian: I'm his father; I'm not going to f*ck it up. [to Gus] Would you please tell them to give me some credit?

Lindsay: I am. That's why I'm leaving him in your care.

Brian: Bullshit. You're leaving him here because Melanie gonna go see her gently mother in Miami only back at Sunday.

Lindsay: Here is my number at the conference. There you go.

Brian: He's gonna be fine, mom.

Lindsay: I know, dad.

Brian: [to Gus] Are you ready to spend the weekend with your old man, sonny boy?

[David's. Mike's on his way to work.]

Michael: I'm off!

David: Wow, wow. Michael, you wanna give me some hand with those stuff. I know there is a guest room upstairs.

Michael: I'm sorry, I'm gonna move some of my stuff. So, when he's arriving?

David: 7:30, if the plane's on time.

Michael: You must be pretty exciting.

David: I've been counting the days since summer.

Michael: That's a long time.

David: Yeah, well Oregon is a long way. Thank god for email. I'm on his Buddy-List. God, you're gonna love my son. You should see this kid. He's amazing. He's smart, he's funny, he can play tenor sax, he can do websites, he juggles.

Michael: Great. When does he find times to do brain surgery? I mean, it sounds marvelous.

David: He is. He's gonna love you too.

Michael: How do you know that?

David: Who wouldn't?

[Dave opens up one of the boxes, and pulls out a pair of Captain Astro boxer shorts.]

David: I have not seen these before.

Michael: Well, maybe someday you just lucky you might.

David: Have a good day at work.

[Ted's office building. Ted and Emmett walk down the stairs to go to lunch. Emmett is wearing tight red plaid pants, and a furry red jacket, under which I hope to God is just a tight black turtleneck.]

Ted: Couldn't you have worn something more discreet?

Emmett: As long as your erogenous zones are covered, you're safely in the conservative column. Besides, I tried straight drag? And saw the light, thank God. Now, what you in the mood for? For lunch? How about sushi?

Ted: Just what I need. Food poisoning.

Emmett: OK, indian?

Ted: Heartburn.

Emmett: Ribs?

Ted: Heart attack. You know what I could really go for? Tuna fish on white bread, double potato chips, cole slaw, vanilla pudding.

Emmett: That's what you have every day.

Dale: Ted? Ted Schmidt?

[Ted looks up and sees a tall, beefy blond guy with spiky hair, carrying a briefcase.]

Ted: Dale Wexler?

Dale: Yeah, how long is it been?

Ted: Years!

[Emmett clears his throat.]

Ted: Oh, this is my friend, Emmett. He's not from these parts.

Dale: Nice to meet you.

Emmett: You, too.

Ted: So last thing I've heard you were setting up offices in Baltimore?

Dale: And Cincinnati and now I'm here.

Ted: You're doing so well -- of course, we all knew you would!

Dale: Well, life's been good. How about you?

Ted: Well, I'm still working for the same work.

Dale: Christ, I would have thought you would have left Wershafter by now.

Ted: Well, you know, his personal appeal and selfless generosity were just too hard to resist.

Dale: Listen, I had to meet a client for lunch. This new Indonesian place, have you tried it?

Emmett: Him?

Ted: Um, no not yet, but I meaning to.

Dale: Nice to see ya.

[He left.]

Emmett: Who was that?

Ted: Someone who I went to Business school with.

Emmett: He's cute.

Ted: I thoughed so, too. I hear he's a real mover. He became a millionaire before he was thirty.

Emmett: I wonder what his secret is.

Ted: I'll probably never know.

[Liberty Diner. As a man puts up posters for the "Leather Ball" -- mind you, these posters depict one guy in leather briefs bent over another guy in leather briefs]

Michael: His 12-year-old jazz playing webmaster. What if he hates me?

Justin: Who?

Michael: David's son.

Brian: f*ck him, he's just a kid.

Michael: He's not just a kid. He is David's son. You know what that means.

Justin: You're the wicked stepmother.

Michael: What?

Justin: The Whicked stepmother. It's like a fairy tale.

Michael: Well, why don't you get your fairy tail back to work? Isn't there a toilet you need to spit shine?

Brian: It's so pathetic, Michael. He is not gonna hate you.

Michael: What makes you so sure?

Brian: I'm crazy about you. What is with you?

Michael: He's right. I'm the stepmother. I'm a stepmother!

[Debbie comes up.]

Debbie: Who is the stepmother?

Brian: Mikey.

Michael: David's son coming for weekend.

Debbie: [to Gus] Look at you. You so beautiful. I swear to God, Brian, he look more like you every day.

Brian: Yeah, but we're still working at the hair.

Debbie: Where is Lindsay?

Brian: She's at teachers conference. So I'm watching him for the weekend.

Debbie: You? I wouldn't let you water my plants. Do you even know what a Huggie is?

Michael: Here's a hint: It's not a sexual position.

Brian: Of course I do, it's uh... uh...

Justin, Debbie and Michael: A diaper!

Brian: Yeah, I know all about diapers. I f*cking this guy for a while and see a big cooperation. He's like to wear diapers and I spanked him.

Justin: Gross.

Debbie: Kinky. Isn't this weekend the Leather Ball? I thouged your dance card were be full.

Brian: It was tempting. But this year I'm trading in my leather jockstrap for rubber pants.

[Brian lifts Gus out of the seat and holds him above his head. A guy wearing leather chaps over blue jeans saunters by, and he and Brian exchange The Look with Zoom Flash.]

[The airport. Mike stares at the Flight information monitors until David taps him on the shoulder.]

David: Michael, there is Hank.

Michael: OK, here we go.

[Hank walks up and David lifts him over his head, which Hank is way too old for, and it shows on his face.]

Hank: Hey.

David: Hey. Good to see you. I want you to meet somebody. Michael, this is Hank. Hank, Michael.

Michael: It's nice to finally meet you, Hank.

Hank: Wow, you're young.

David: I've got a whole list of activities we're going to do this week. Just chock full!

Michael: Pretty cool, huh?

Hank: Yeah, cool.

David: There is a new eximinate at the Science Center, and a cable car and a rock-climbing wall.

[Back at Brian's, Gus has finally decided to display utter misery. The baby bawls away, as Brian

frantically tries to get the pacifier in his mouth. Brian even puts the pacifier in his own mouth to show how it's done.]

Brian: It's your pacifier, you should be sucking it!

[The doorbell rings, and Brian stumbles over many baby toys in order to get to the buzzer.]

Brian: It's about f*cking time, I ordered it over an hour ago!

[Going back to the baby, he tries again to install the pacifier]

Brian: Gus, think nipple. Think c*ck. Whatever get you there. C'mon.

[Finally, Gus takes the pacifier, and all of a sudden he's fine.]

Brian: Your old man's not so bad at this.

[There's a knock on the door, and Brian snarls as he opens the door]

Brian: You'd better not have forgotten the sesame noodles this time! I ordered this an hour ago --

[But it is Brian's dad.]

Jack: Hello, sonny boy.

Brian: Jesus.

Jack: Well, you couldn't be more surprised if it was. Do you let me in?

Brian: Yeah, sure.

Jack: Hey, it's some place. Big as a palace. It looks like a dump from the outside.

[Gus bubbels.]

Jack: Hey, who's this?

Brian: This is Gus. He's Lindsay's kid. You remember Lindsay?

Jack: Tallish. Blonde. You used to take her out. She is a pretty girl. She has a cute son. She leaves him with you?

Brian: Sometimes. So, what do you doin'? Wondering around town? A lady friend? Aren't you a little old for that?

Jack: That's not it.

Brian: Need money?

Jack: No, I didn't come here for your f*cking money.

Brian: Mom finally leave ya?

Jack: I've got cancer. It start it in my lungs. But it's already spread. My brilliant doctors originally discovered during a routine physical last summer. Now it seems it's everywhere.

Brian: Sorry.

Jack: I would rather the warden to the honest but she insisted to tell you and your sister in person. So, you hear it from me.

Brian: Thanks.

[The Chinese delivery guy shows up]

Guy: Hello? Sesame noodles. Didn't forget this time.

[David's, the next morning. David pours orange juice into a couple of Mike's Captain Astro glasses.]

David: You know Michael moved in a few weeks ago. So all the funny things you see around here, like, uh, Captain Astro? That's his.

Hank: He must be even younger than I thought.

[Mike, creeping down the stairs, heard that, and tries to creep back up.]

Hank: Cisco is up! Cool.

David: You read the stock page?

Hank: Don't you?

David: I stick to sports.

[He pulls out a box of Cap'n Crunch.]

David: Cap'n Crunch. Still your favor?

Hank: Uh, actually, I only eat sugar-free, non-fat, organic mueslix.

David: Well it explains why you grown up so much. You must be a foot taller than you were the last time I saw you.

Hank: I wear a six shoe now. Dad bought me these awesome Adidas... I mean, Gary.

David: Maybe I buy you an awesome pair of pants to go with those.

Michael: Morning.

David: Morning.

Michael: Hi, Hank. How'd you sleep?

Hank: Okay. How about you?

[Mike, with a zoom-in flash, chooses to read more into that than there probably was. David kisses Mike]

David: Keep yourself some breakfast. We leave in twenty minutes.

Michael: What's the rush?

David: What's the rush? I don't want to waste any time. We've got a million things to do. I'll get my wallet, and you guys get dressed.

[Mike pours himself some Cap'n Crunch, as Hank inspects him from behind the stock pages.]

Michael: So, you must be really happy to see your dad, huh? [Pause] He's been talking about your visit non-stop...

Hank: Look, I didn't want to come here, okay? At all. My mom made me, so I just have to put up with it until I can go home.

[And up goes the newspaper wall again. Mike's shocked. David jounces down the stairs]

David: Guys, c'mon, let's go. Get dressed. We've got a big day. Pittsburgh's waiting for us.

[Debbie's. Justin's making breakfast, and what looks like waffles and eggs and bacon for, like, thirty.]

Justin: How you will your waffles? In peaches and grand Marnier, or with cherries and rum?

Vic: Better yet, Wolfgang, why don't you save the waffles and just serve the sauce. Straight up.

[Brian walks in, hauling Gus in his car seat.]

Brian: Gus just puked all over me.

Justin: Babies do that.

Brian: All over my favorit lether jacket.

Vic: [looking at Gus] A fashion critic already!

Debbie: Look, who's here! Oh, can I hold him?

Brian: Be my guest.

Debbie: Oh, look at you! How are you, gordious Gus?

Brian: He's aces, but I suspect he misses his mother's touch.

Debbie: Oh, I take care of that!

Brian: You know, if you'd be interested in satisfying your maternal urges for a longer period of time -- recreating the amber hues of Michael's childhood for an entire evening, for instance -- that could be arranged.

Debbie: You want to go to the lea-ther ba-all, huh?

Brian: Mmmh, your good.

Debbie: Yeah, but your bargain the wrong babysitter. Cause I have the graveyard shift up at the diner.

[Vic rummages through his arsenal of drugs, throws down an empty bottle]

Vic: I'll be back.

Debbie: You sure to wash it down with bottled water. None of that sh*t from the Susquehanna.

Vic: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Brian: It must be tough living with that.

[Debbie really takes a look at him and realizes something's wrong. She hands the baby to Justin]

Debbie: Brian, honey, you're not...?

Brian: No. But my dad got cancer.

Justin: Your dad's sick?

Brian: He came over last night to tell me that.

Debbie: Bri, I'm so sorry. How long he's got?

Brian: A couple of months, tops.

Debbie: Well, then, if you don't mind the free advice, from someone who's known you a lot longer than you've known yourself, you should tell him.

Brian: Tell him what?

Debbie: You know damn well. Don't play dump. He made a very big gesture in telling you about himself, and I'm saying you should return the favor.

Brian: No f*cking way! My father hasn't known anything about my life for twenty-nine years -- or cared -- why should I bother now?

Debbie: Because it's good for you.

Brian: To tell a dying man that I'm q*eer?

Debbie: To be honest.

Brian: I'm always honest.

Debbie: You think you are. How honest is it to let your father go to his grave without ever really knowing who his son is, honey? Look, I know you think he never loved you, but it might be a way to get

through to him. For whatever it's worth. Before it's too late.

Brian: If I wanted a therapist, I'd look in the f*cking yellow pages.

Debbie: Yeah, but I'm a hell of lot cheaper, and I don't take off August.

Justin: I bet he's hungry. Can I feed him?

Brian: What are you doing tonight?

[David, Michael, and Hank walk out of the aquarium over a bridge.]

David: Man, isn't that aquarium incredible? Man, I could stare at those fish tanks forever!

Michael: It seem so long. Actually it was just under five hours.

David: This is so great! I love being here together. I mean sharing this just you, me, and Michael.

Hank: Yeah, great (!)

Michael: Can we take a break for lunch soon? All those fish made me hungry for chicken.

David: Are you kidding me? We're get to the museum for dinosaur exhibit.

Hank: Oh, I haven't been in the dinosaur since third grade.

David: I love dinosaurs. Nice to know there's a creature actually older than me. Anyway after that we coul go to the driving ranch. No, your mother tells me your swings coming along.

[Babylon! Let the Leather Ball commence! HDGBs dance, cavort, and suck face, sporting the latest in leather codpieces, leather collars, leather caps, leather bikinis. T&E watch the debauchery below. Ted's wearing jeans and a polo shirt, like always.]

Ted: I can't believe you went out dressed like that.

Emmett: My mother used to say, 'Find your best feature and play it for all it's worth.' So that's exactly what I do.

[He then turns around. And, yes, he's wearing leather pants with the seat cut out.]

Emmett: Besides, we're on the lether ball. Could you just least dressed for the occasion?

Ted: I did! I wore a lether belt!

Emmett: You are such a stick in the mud!

Ted: Why, just because I don't want to look like a cross between a storm trooper and Roy Rogers?

Emmett: Stop it, you're giving me a hard-on.

[Two men walk by, one dragging the other by a leash and collar.]

Emmett: I hope he's housebroken.

Ted: Honestly, these people are too weird.

[Brian st*lks up to them, encased in leather and puffing on a stogie. He grabs Emmett from behind]

Brian: Hello, Big Bottom! How would you like to polish mah boots with your tongue?

Ted: Like I said.

Emmett: What are you doin' here? I thoughed you had Gus.

Brian: I found a sitter.

Ted: Enjoy yourself.

Emmett: Were are you goin'?

Ted: To my leather recliner. That's about as kinky as I get.

[The S&M show is about to start! Fascinated, he watches a man in a mask whip another man tied to... Close-ups of butt-cheeks clenching. Close-ups of the whip going back and forth. Close-up of Ted, wide-eyed and horrified, but unable to look away. When the whipper removes his mask and unties the other guy]

Emmett: Oh, my God, isn't that...?

Ted: Dale Wexler!

Emmett: Well, now you know one of his secrets, dontcha?

[David's bedroom. David, undressed and on top of the covers. Mike, who looks like he's getting dressed rather than undressed.]

David: It was quite a day, huh?

Michael: No sh*t. I saw more of Pittsburgh in twelve hours then I've seen my entire life.

David: You know, every time I see him he's different. I have to spend the couple of days we have together just getting to know the new Hank, before he's gone again.

[David finally realizes that Mike's getting dressed]

David: Michael?

Michael: Huh?

David: Aren't you supposed to take off the clothes before you come to bed?

Michael: Don't flip out, but I think I should stay at my old place tonight.

David: What are you talking about? What for?

Michael: I think Hank is uncomfortable with me here.

David: Where you get that idea from? Did he tell you that?

Michael: Not in so many words. The silences told me everything I needed to know.

David: Well, you got give him some time, you know. To get to know you.

Michael: I don't think he wants to get to know me, and I don't blame him. This whole 'Hank has two daddies' thing is too much for any kid.

David: He had no problem when I was with Mack.

Michael: No offense but Hank was a lot younger than. Now he's older and he's starting to define his own sexuality, I think it's pretty unsettling to see his dad and his new male lover.

David: The only way he's going to get used to it is by having you around.

Michael: Well, can't we easy in to it? You know start with the guest apparence and then built me up to host paring role?

David: You're not going anywhere.

Michael: It only will be for a couple of nights.

David: No, not even for one night. Hank's gonna be fine. And so are we. Well, let's go out of these and in the bed.

[Mike's wearing the Captain Astro undies.]

David: I though those might be appreance.
[Babylon! Ted cautiously looks at the S&M equipment on the dance floor, until Dale walks up to him.]

Dale: Ted?

Ted: Hey, Dale.

Dale: I thoughed it was you. But I said to myself, wait a minute, that can't be, not Ted Schmidt. So, this is a surprise. So, you, uh, a Daddy... a master...a sl*ve?

Ted: Actually none of the above. I just here as an observer.

Dale: Yeah, that's what they all say. And then next thing you know, there they are in a sling with a bottle of poppers stuck up their nose and five guys fisting them.

Ted: Uh, I guarantee that's not the case with me. A friend of mine dragged me here --

[Just then, Emmett is pulled past them by the cowboy they saw upstairs.]

Emmett: Cowboy Bob lassoed me. He promised to take me back to his stable, tie me up like a squealing pig, and brand me! Yee-hah!

Ted: [to Dale] That's my friend who's dragged me here.

Dale: Now he's being dragged away. Lucky him.

Ted: Yeah, well, I know you've probably got another sl*ve you've got to work over, or whatever, so don't let me keep you.

Dale: That was just a matinee. Stick around -- the next one is going to be really hot.

Ted: Oh, I was on my way home.

Dale: After work why you come over to my place for a drink. We can catch up.

Ted: It's pretty late.

Dale: Strictly as an observer. Showtime.

[The Back Room of Sex. People in leather, having sex. One-on-one sex, two in a sling sex, group sex, you name it. It's a lot brighter in there than usual. Brian's there. He's already unzipped and has some Nameless Leather Guy all turned around and everything, when a bigger guy comes up.]

Guy: Hey, little boy. Wanna come back to my place?

Brian: No. f*ck you.

Guy: You'd like that, huh? I can tell you need a Daddy.

Brian: I said f*ck you. You're not my Daddy. I don't need a f*cking ...Daddy.

[Frustrated, Brian pulls out of the Nameless Leather Guy and st*lks away.]

[Dale's house. Ted perches stiffly on the far end of the couch, staring at a copy of Domination magazine on the coffee table. Dale walks in wearing a plush white robe and carrying two scotch glasses. Sitting down in a chair opposite]

Dale: I've been 'Mr. Leather' for the past three years. I've held regional and national titles.

Ted: I'm, huh, impressed. And surprised.

Dale: Surprised?

Ted: Who would have suspected? Especially considering your other life.

Dale: The one where I wear a suit and crunch numbers? Treat the clients with undeserved respect? That's not who I really am.

Ted: And this is?

Dale: It's amazing, Ted, how it's allowed me to expand my horizons. In other areas, too, even in business.

Ted: So, being a leather daddy is the key to your success?

Dale: Oh, you have no idea what can happen once...you give yourself permission.

Ted: Permission to what? What -- to chain people up, to tie people down?

Dale: Be the most liberating urban. Relinquishing control. Allowing someone else to give you pain, pleasure. Whatever you most fear and desire.

Ted: Would you mind if I get into the bathroom?

Dale: It's right downstairs.

[down the intricate wrought-iron staircase, which leads to two doors. Ted picks the door on the right. Whips, chains, slings, chains, Tree of Pain, chains, you name it. Plus some more chains. Dale is fully stocked. Ted nervously backs into the room.]

Dale: I see you've found my play room.

Ted: I'm sorry, I get the wrong door.

Dale: Or not? So, what do you thinking? So, like me to give you a little demonstration?

Ted: That's okay actually I want to wash my hands.

Dale: We'd both enjoy it. I always thought you were hot.

Ted: You did?

Dale: Vanilla boys are always the wildest. All that unfulfilled desires.

[Dale takes off his robe, and he's still wearing his Master's costume underneath.]

Dale: Why don't you allow me to introduce you to yourself? To the real Ted Schmidt. I promise I won't do anything you don't want

me to. You say stop, and I'll stop.

Ted: Stop! I'm sorry, I didn't come here to this.

Dale: I know. You're just an observer.

Ted: That's right and I think I'm seen enough. So, if you'll just excuse me.

Dale: You know what I remember most about you? Every day in the school cafeteria, you'd have the same thing for lunch. I used to marvel how the menu never changed. I guess neither have you.

Ted: Thank you for the ... drink.

[Brian's loft. Mel holding Gus and screams to Brian.]

Justin: I had no idea.

Mel: He was going to give the baby hot milk. He didn't test it on his arm.

Justin: I didn't know!

Mel: I'm glad I walked in when I did. Gus could have been scalded.

Justin: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Brian: What the f*ck are you doin' here?

Mel: I came back from Miami earlier. And there was a message on my voice mail from Lindsay saying that she leave Gus here with you. So I came by to check on him and it's a good god damn thing I did. Pawning him off on anyone so you can go to a f*cking Leather Ball?

Brian: Hey, Justin's not anyone.

Justin: I love Gus!

Mel: I know you do, honey. This isn't about you.

[She hands Gus to Justin and faces off against Brian]

Mel: This is about you, and what an irresponsible sh*t you are.

Brian: Listen, I went out for a couple of hours.

Mel: Yeah, well, you shouldn't have been 'cause the thing about parenthood is, you don't anonymous sex breaks twice a day. Now, give me your car keys.

Brian: Excuse me?

Mel: I said give me your car keys so I can go get the baby seat out of the back of your Jeep. I'm taking Gus home.

Brian: No you're not. This is his home. At least for this weekend.

Mel: Sorry. Your privileges have been revoked!

Brian: Don't f*cking tell me what my privileges are! I'm his father. Who are you?

Mel: I may be no one, but at least I love him enough to know that his needs come before mine. Which is more than can be said about you.

[The next day, David, Hank, and Michael play hockey at an outdoor rink. Well, David and Hank are playing. Michael's watching them from a bench on the sidelines. David makes a goal off of Hank and skates over to Michael.]

David: Hank scored the winning goal in the Championship last year.

Michael: Oh, of course he did.

David: How came your sitting here on the sideline?

Michael: I told you, I can't scate!

David: Well, I'll help you.

[Hank skates over to them as David struggles to keep Mike upright on the ice.]

Michael: If God wanted me to be on ice, he would have made me a Vodka martini. I could use a drink about now. What is this, 'f*gs on ice'?

David: No, that's the Olympic Figure Skating Team.

[He finally gets Michael standing okay, when his cell phone rings.]

David: Hank, will you help me with Michael?

[While Michael and Hank desperately lean on each other, David skates leisurely circles around them while talking on the phone.]

David: Dr.Cameron. Yes. Oh, your kidding? Uh-huh. Yeah, I could be there in a half hour. OK. One of the Penguins threw his back out. I'm sorry Champ, but I got to go. It won't be very long.

Hank: No big deal.

[Hank skates away.]

Michael: But it's a big deal for me. Your leaving me alone with him?

David: Not very long.

Michael: We don't know each other very much.

David: Well, your get to.

Michael: You don't understand.

David: I don't understand what, Michael?

Michael: Well, he was looking forward to be with you.

David: I'm not gonna be gone for very long. But here is the itinerary. You stick to that and you have a great time. OK, let's see in a little while.

[After David leaves, Mike looks back at Hank, who just glides away from him without a word.]

[Liberty Diner. Debbie hands Ted and Emmett menus as Brian joins them in the booth.]

Debbie: So, how did it go last night, 'Daddy'?

Brian: Would you mind not using this word in my presents?

Debbie: Uh, grouchy huh? That's what happens when you tend to a tot, see? Not an easy job. I'm proud of you, Brian, huh? Sacrificing the Leather Ball?

Emmett: Altruism is his middle name.

Ted: Is that what the 'A' stands for?

Debbie: I didn't think in a million years that you give up a event like this. So I tip my hat or should I say my wig? There you kid, protecting care of your kid.

[Justin walks up at the end of that]

Justin: Actually, I'm the one...

Brian: [whispers to Justin] Give me up, and I'll tie your ba*ls up so tight, they'll ache for a week.

Justin: [whispers] Is this punishment?

Brian: Mmmh, mmh.

Justin: I helped.

Debbie: Did you honey? Good baby.

Emmett: All this talk about babies has given me a craving for the baby back ribs.

Ted: I'll have the, uh --

Emmett: Tuna fish on white bread.

Debbie: Double mayo.

Brian: Potato chips with coleslaw.

Justin: And vanilla pudding.

Ted: Christ, am I really that predictable?

Debbie: No, honey, you're just reliable.

Ted: Thanks ever so.

Emmett: It's just not your style to be spontaneous. Wild! Reckless!

Ted: No, it's my style to never take chances, never let myself go, never put my a*s in a sling. I mean, on the line.

Debbie: Honey, it's only lunch.

Ted: In that case, I'll have the Cajun catfish, the Thai noodles, and the papaya mango salsa on the side.

Debbie: Letting go does not mean getting the runs.

Brian: Give him the usual. It doesn't matter what you eat. You'll always be old, old, reliable Ted.

[Pittsburgh at large.]

Michael: You know, it's amazing how you can live in a city all your life, and never realize how many wonderful sights and attractions there are. For instance, who knew that there was something called 'The Scream Machine' at the Carnegie Science Center? Experiencing G-force was certainly a stomach-turning, nail-biting science education for me. [Hank says nothing] What made it even more memorable was the large pepperoni pizza we'd shared moments before.

Hank: Can we go home now?

Michael: What? And missed the "Monanga Hall In Point"? Look, I know this isn't easy for you -- you know, having a dad who's...well, different from other fathers, and I'm sure it doesn't make it easier seeing him with me.

Hank: So he's g*y. Big deal. I've only known about it since I was, like, nine.

Michael: So, why you wanna be here?

Hank: He drives me nuts! He's got to have every single moment planned: the Incline, the Museum, the Aquarium. I mean, that may have been fun when I was kid, but how many times can you see fish?!

Michael: Why don't you ever tell him to back off?

Hank: Have you ever tried telling him to back off?

Michael: Good point. But he want you to have a good time.

[Hank looks in one of the store windows]

Hank: Oh, my God, check it out! Scorpionhead, #34!

Michael: Holy sh*t, I've been looking for that my entire life!

Hank: You, too?

Michael: You even can't find it on ebay. Scorpionhead is so cool.

Hank: So cool. The way he can...

both: ...stink with his nose.

Michael: You want to check it out?

Hank: f*ck, yeah.

[Brian pulls up into the driveway of the Kinney residence. Jack is cleaning out some boxes in the garage.]

Jack: Hey, your mom is in the kitchen. Get yourself a couple coffee and give me a refill. Would ya?

Brian: I'm not here to see her, actually. Shouldn't you be taking it easy?

Jack: I have plenty times to take it easy. This used stuff... I need to... I want giving it an order.

[Jack pulls out a bowling ball and tosses it at Brian.]

Brian: This was the ball you used with...

Jack: ... my bowling team. You used to come with me when you were a kid. You remember that?

Brian: Yeah.

Jack: I always hoped you take it up.

Brian: Listen about the other night.

Jack: I know, I should have called before I dropped in. Like the warden says, 'That's what they make telephones for.'

[Jack drops the box he's carrying. Brian picks up the box for him]

Brian: We need to talk.

Jack: You know I think it's the first time I heard you say that?

Brian: Yeah, that's because this is the first time I ever have. I just thought maybe we could, uh...

Jack: Sneak it under the wire? I've got some books, here...

Brian: I'm g*y.

[Jack pauses, startled, then turns around]

Jack: Well, you picked a hell of a f*cking time to tell me you're a fairy. As if I don't have enough to deal with. Jesus. You're the one that should be dying, instead of me.

[He tries to walk away, but Brian grabs him and makes to punch him in the face. Instead, Brian hesitates, and then punches one of the boxes instead, sending it flying.]

Brian: But I'm not dying, you selfish old prick. You are.

[Jack is visibly cowed by this, and watches Brian stalk out of the garage.]

[David's. Mike and Hank are on the floor of the living room, surrounded by comics and having a great time. David walks in]

David: Hey, sorry it took so long.

Hank: Dad, you can't believe what Michael and I found. "Scorpionhead #34"

David: That's great, Hank.

Michael: You owe me a hundred and fifty bucks.

Hank: Oh, I gonna page Jack. He's a Scorpionhead too.

David: Wait, wait a second, tell me...

Hank: Hold on. Hold on!

[He runs upstairs]

Michael: We had a blast.

David: Looks like when I'm off here.

Michael: What about you? You see any naked Pinguins?

David: Yeah, just the one. So, tell me about the Incline.

Michael: Oh, we're took a detour from the official schedule and we went to Comics Land.

David: What about all the things I had planned? You sat around here all day and read comics?!

Michael: Well, that's what Hank wanted. Don't take this the wrong way, but he's not too crazy about the schedule. He doesn't understand why you have to drag him around every minute.

David: Who's dragging him around? I just want him to have a good time.

Michael: Well, maybe his idea of a good time is different than yours, and you didn't bother to find out what his was.

David: Don't tell me how to raise my son!

Michael: I'm not! I just... I try to help.

David: Now, all of a sudden, you're a f*cking authority?

Michael: He's not happy here! He wants to go home, and not for the reasons I thought, but because of you. You're the problem.

[Dale's. Ted enters Dale's dungeon. Dale puts on his mask and, unbuttoning Ted's shirt]

Dale: There are many pleasures to be found here. Places you were afraid to even think of going. I can take you there, but first you must surrender to me, completely. Do you surrender?

Ted: Yes, I... I surrender.

Dale: Sir. You'll call me "Sir".

Ted: I surrender, Sir.

Dale: And you are sl*ve.

[Dale starts to unbottom Ted's pants]

Ted: It's kinda cold in here.

Dale: I didn't say you can speak.

Ted: I'm sorry.

Dale: Sir!

Ted: I'm sorry, Sir.

Dale: Good sl*ve. Now you will do exactly as you were told.

[Turning Ted around with his whip and straps him to the tree of pain. Dale caresses the back of Ted's body with his hands, and then pulls out the whip.]

[Back at the airport. Walking down the concourse]

David: So I thoughed this summer we can go whitewater rafting?

Hank: I'm going to baseball camp this summer.

David: Oh, well that's good. Well Thanksgiving we can go hiking...

Hank: I'm goin' to Grandma and Grandpa's.

David: OK, what is with Christmas?

Hank: You just don't get it, do you?

David: Michael told me you hadn't a very good time. I don't wanna believe him. I was trying very hard...

Hank: It's just that. You just try too hard.

David: Yeah, I guess I do. Supposes that I can get you see very often because you lived there and I live here. For those few days that I'm lucky enough to have you, I just want it to be something special. Something so that you'll remember me. So that you won't forget me.

Hank: When I'm with you, I'm getting away from Mom and Gary, and all that bullshit and stress that happens at school, and I just want to hang out, and not have to worry about doing something every single minute of my day.

David: You mean just like lying around, reading comics?

Hank: Yeah, I mean if I feel it.

[Hank's plane is called.]

David: That's you. Call me tonight, no matter how late it is.

Hank: OK. I will.

Michael: Bye Hank.

Hank: [hugs Mike] Thank's for the Scorpionhead. [then he hugs David]

David: Bye, bye.

[Hank goes to the stewardess]

Michael: You know, I actually don't mind being a stepmother.

David: For someone who never had a father, you sure do know a lot about being one.

Michael: Well, I just imagine what I'd want a dad to be like if I did. So, we got the house all for ourselves. What you feel we should doin'?

David: I don't know. Laundry? Bookkeeping?

Michael: Try again, stud.

[Brian's. Brian's getting undressed, and Lindsay is there.]

Lindsay: You gave me your word! You swore I could trust you with him.

Brian: Look, your Ex already rimmed me out.

Lindsay: Well, now it's my turn. You say you want to be his parent, if that's true then be his f*cking parent, but don't tell me that you're going to be there when you're not! You've never been there for anyone other than yourself!

[There's a knock at the door, and a voice calls]

Jack: Hey, sonny boy! Anyone home?

[Brian walks into the living room, and there's Jack Kinney.]

Brian: What are you doin' here?

Jack: It'll only be a minute. I found something when I was going through those boxes. I thoughed you might want it.

[he found an old picture of him with Brian when Brian was a baby]

Jack: It's me and you when you was five months old.

Brian: Why are you smiling?

Jack: It's a photograph -- isn't that what you're supposed to do?

[Brian drops the photo on the ground]

Brian: I don't want it.

Jack: You might change your mind some day when I'm gone.

Brian: I doubt it.

Jack: You know, you can really pack a wallop for a f*g. Just don't tell your mother, you understand?

[He shuts up when he sees Lindsay sitting on the bed.]

Lindsay: Mr.Kinney. You probably don't remember me but I'm Lindsay... Peterson.

Jack: Of course I remember you. Although it's been a long time. Your still a looker.

Lindsay: Thank you, Mr.Kinney.

Jack: Jack.

Brian: You still think you're a ladies' man?

Jack: You have yourself a beautiful son. I'll guess I'm be on my way.

Brian: There's someone else I want you to say hello to.

[Brian picks up Gus.]

Brian: Your grandson.

Jack: My grandson? What the f*ck's goin' on? Are you screwing with me sonny boy?

Brian: No, I'm not screwing with you.

Lindsay: Jack, would you like to hold him?

Jack: Wow, it's been a while since I held a baby.

[Brian picks up the picture he dropped on the ground, and looks back and forth between it and his own father and son.]

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